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1916

# Suck

## UNIVERSITY CLUB

WEEK ENDING MAY 6, 1916  
PRICE TEN CENTS



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Painted by Raphael Kirchner

### A VICTIM OF THE CHASE

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HELMAR



TURKISH CIGARETTES





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**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE:** PUCK is published every Monday (dated the following Saturday) by the Puck Publishing Corporation, 210 Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, New York City; (Nathan Straus, Jr., President and Treasurer; Foster Gilroy, Secretary).

PUCK is mailed to subscribers at \$5.00 per year or \$2.50 for six months. Canadian subscriptions, \$5.50 per year, \$2.75 for six months; Foreign, \$6.00 per year, \$3.00 for six months.

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London Office: PUCK, 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C.

### PUCK'S New Attire

This number of Puck is produced by the newest process known to the printing arts — lithogravure. It is a method of printing used by no other magazine in the country, and its adoption by PUCK is in line with our policy to give our readers the best and the newest in every department of publishing.

The advantages of the new process are readily apparent, in the clear-cut reproduction of the line engravings and the softer effects of the half-tones. It makes possible, also, the use of a high grade of book paper, which is not possible by the ordinary methods of printing where half-tone work is used.

Like all departures, it may take some few numbers to get into the swing of the new process, but we can assure our readers of a typographical treat when the degree of perfection at which we aim shall have been attained.

### Order from your Newsdealer

Last week we appealed to the regular newsstand purchasers of PUCK to instruct their newsdealer to reserve their copy each week. A coupon was furnished to facilitate this.

If you have not already done so, we would urge upon you the necessity of handing this order to your newsdealer at once. Otherwise, you may find it difficult to secure your copy of PUCK.

The scarcity of paper and the expenses incident to lithogravure printing make it necessary for us to limit the newsstand supply to the actual demand for copies. As a consequence, many dealers will be unable to supply PUCK except on actual orders.

Puck



## RAPHAEL KIRCHNER

famous illustrator and painter

### of Paris

has taken up permanent residence in New York,  
and will hereafter work exclusively for

Puck

Mr. Kirchner is universally recognized on the Continent and in Great Britain as the depicter of feminine beauty without peer.

Arrangements may be made either direct with Mr. Kirchner or through PUCK for book covers, portraits and mural decorations to be painted to order. Examples of the work of Mr. Kirchner in all of these fields can be seen on request, including photographs of famous French interiors decorated by him.



Apparently it is the custom to find Dorothy Arnold once to every New Haven wreck.



Not Everyone Who is in "Who's Who" knows What's What

### Our Exalted Guild

Let us suppose, for purposes of realism, that Indianapolis has a Main Street, a Big White Store and an Au Fait Gentleman's Tailor Shop. Who is this, then, who strides down Main Street, reading a telegram, eagerly inquires of the floor-walker in the Big White Store for a nobby silk hat, and hies him from there to the Au Fait shop to order a new Prince Albert? Ten to one he's a journalist or an author, bound for Washington, D. C. Right you are—that's Meredith Nicholson, novelist, newly appointed to the post of Assistant Secretary of War.

What happy days are these for us of the print-shop guild! And how the makers of silk hats and Prince Alberts rejoice in our acquaintance!

A historian sits in the Presidential chair; Brand Whitlock, novelist, is our special diplomatic agent in Belgium; Walter Hines Page, publisher, is ambassador to England; another publisher, one Arthur Capper, is governor of Kansas. Our ambassador to Italy is Thomas Nelson Page, novelist; to the Netherlands, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, essayist and poet. Robert Sterling Yard, formerly editor of *Century*, is working for the Department of the Interior, and well qualified for such a job by his ability to get to the heart of things.

J. E. House, a newspaper paragrapher, is mayor of Topeka. Last, and possibly least (but we feel we ought to mention him), behold Josephus of North Carolina, man-aging, after a fashion, the department of the navy.

An actress [May Irwin, if you must know] proposed, via her press agent, not long ago to add to the cabinet a Department of Laughter. We hope the idea meets with approval, for we have our eye on a slightly worn Prince Albert we once rented to wear at a reception of the Authors' League, and up the avenue a block or two there's a nobby silk hat in the window—just our size—marked down to \$4.95.

Ruck



Singing! Music! Dancing! Theatricals! Evening Dress!

# VANITY FAIR

The most successful of all the new magazines invites you to a

## SIX-MONTHS' PLEASURE PARTY



Everybody—who is anybody—dips into Vanity Fair and is refreshed.

DO you like parties? If you do, then you should not lose a moment's time in accepting this invitation to a six months' party in the heart of New York. Don't miss it. Music! Singing! Dancing! Theatricals! Evening Dress! You positively won't know yourself when you get back home after this six months' party. Your own blood relatives won't know you. Such aplomb! Such ease of manner, such habiliments de luxe, such wide learning, such brilliant wit, such many-sided culture, and oh! such exquisite savoir faire.



The morning after the six-months' party. He talked too much about it

### In Every Month of Vanity Fair's Party:

**THE STAGE:** First night and behind the-scenes views of the newest plays—with portraits.

**THE OPERA AND MUSIC:** Stories and portraits of the new singers, composers, conductors and whatever is new about the old ones.

**THE ARTS:** Illustrated news and criticisms of pictures, architecture, books and sculpture.

**HUMOR:** The most original and amusing works of our young writers and artists.

**PEOPLE:** Striking and unusual portraits of celebrities who help make New York a brilliant, fascinating merry-go-round.

**SPORTS:** An illustrated panorama of golf, tennis, football, racing, polo and a dozen other outdoor and indoor sports.

**ESSAYS AND REVIEWS:** By intellectually stimulating essayists and critics.

**PARIS AND LONDON:** The latest diverting news from the European capitals.

**DANCING:** Outdoor dances, indoor dances, rhythmic dances, cosmic dances.

**FASHIONS:** From Paris, London and New York for all discriminating men and women.

**DOGS AND MOTORS:** Photographs of the best-bred dogs and the best-built motors, with descriptions and timely discussion of them.

**SHOPPING:** An index to the best shops, what they sell, and a shopping offer that is bound to interest alert men and women.

## Vanity Fair's Special Offer

A Six-Months' Pleasure Party in New York for \$1

You think nothing, in your poor deluded way, of spending \$2 for a single theatre ticket, or for three faded gardenias, when for only \$1 you can secure six issues of *Vanity Fair*. If you want to blossom out into a sophisticated New Yorker; if you want to become a regular, Class-A, 12-cylinder, self-starting human being, simply tear off the coupon below, along the perforated line, fill it out, put it in an envelope, stamp and mail it—with or without money.

Uncork your fountain pen—Fill in the coupon!



### We Promise You, Solemnly

We are not going to print any pretty girls' heads on its covers. We are going to spare you the agony of sex discussions. We shall publish no dreary serial stories. No diaries of travel. No hack articles on preparedness. No gloom. No problem stories. No articles on tariff, or irrigation, or railroad rates, or pure food, or any other statistical subject.

Puck 5-4-16





1. Eve takes the apple to make the first apple pie



2. The famous blackbird pie that was set before the king



3. The likewise famous pie that Simple Simon negotiated for



4. Our New England ancestors that enjoyed hot mince pie for breakfast



5. The remembrance of pies that mother used to make



6. To-day the pie reaches the pinnacle of art in the movies

j. held

"THE PIE'S PROGRESS"

—From the wood engraving by John Held



"No pussy-footing," says the Colonel. Of course not. When the Colonel pussy-foots, it is known as "treading softly," and is thereby legitimized. "Treading softly and carrying a big stick," for example. But no pussy-footing; not on any account. That is cowardly and un-American.

It must be a comforting thought to the pursuers of Villa that there is another American force, and a lot of deep water, at Panama. Otherwise, it would be a long, long way to Patagonia.

According to a Maine biologist who has made extensive experiments, hens fed on alcohol lay more and better eggs than do those that are total abstainers. The day when a hen shall lay an egg-nog is seen to be not far distant.

With Roosevelt aggressively in the field, "the deliberate and unqualified falsifier" of former days will give way to "the deliberate and unqualified pacifier" of the present.



The picture that was turned and returned

Drawn by Nelson Greene

Carranza has been assured that the United States troops will be withdrawn from Mexico within "a reasonable time." As to the precise meaning of "reasonable," he will be left in doubt. Just as Ultimate Consumer was left in doubt, when assured some years ago that the Protected Trusts were entitled to a "reasonable profit."

Italy has found a way of making 400 pounds of bread out of 300 pounds of grain. Showing Italy the way to make one pound of bread out of no grain at all should be simplicity itself for mathematical minds.

Well, the Shakespeare Tercentenary came and went, and nobody took the trouble to learn what Charley Chaplin thought of the Bard.

With summer and summer girls approaching, the U boat will not be as prominent a craft as the canoe, or U and I boat.

"Notwithstanding denials the opinion prevails among Republicans that Henry Ford may yet blossom out as the head of a new peace party, to be known as 'the American Party,' which will declare against preparedness, in favor of prohibition and equal suffrage, and with a platform for social welfare legislation."—*Washington wire.*

Is the country prepared to have Madame Schwimmer as Secretary of State?

Among those who will not object if the Colonel backslides to the Republicans may be mentioned the Hon. George W. Perkins. If the Colonel becomes the sure-enough Republican candidate for President, the Hon. George will not have to finance him unaided. Two Armageddons would be expensive.

"In a great moment," says Dr. David Jayne Hill, "silence is dishonorable." This explains at least one big noise. Theodore considers every moment a great moment.

If, despite the Colonel's defection, the Progressives should wish to preserve their party organization and put a candidate in the field this year, there remains available that shy but sterling Armageddonite, the Hon. Frank A. Munsey.



Uncle Sam: "How dew you work these new-fangled contraptions?"

The books of King Ahab, 870 B. C., were lately dug up from a depth of twenty feet in the sands of Assyria. Among them were several that the King had forgotten to return.

"Americans who hope to enter the business field of Russia after the war must establish themselves now and not hope to merely go abroad and gather orders on short notice."

—A tip from Petrograd.

And if catalogues are printed, it might be just as well to print them in Russian, rather than English. A Russian merchant is not necessarily a dolt because he prefers a language he can understand. He might be humored with price-lists in terms of rubles, instead of dollars, also.

"My wife was too affectionate. My ego requires strife to create perfect happiness."—A deserting husband.

Marriages, they say, are made in Heaven.

"Old age has its compensations," says a philosophic octogenarian. "At the age of 80 we are no longer strap-hangers in a crowded car." No; it is pretty hard to reach a strap when your arms are stiff with years. Still—and here comes the compensation—in a properly crowded car it is almost impossible to fall down, even on one's eightieth birthday.

Laura Jean Libbey asserts that "the rock of granite crumbles to enrich the earth for the birth of still stronger trees." Laura, you must admit, is some student of nature.

"The police of Munich have been ordered to arrest all women too conspicuously dressed and to censor women's clothes."—*German despatch.*

Fifth Avenue should give ardent thanks for the blessing of peace.

"Constantinople must be the starting point for the campaign of German Kultur. Cheerful books must be placed on the Turkish market."

—Frau Else Marquardsen.

What more cheerful than the books which show the cost of the war?





## THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by Berton Braley

Drawings by Merle Johnson

The German spies are thick as flies,  
The coppers landed more of them;  
Hoboken slip contained a ship  
That harbored half a score of them.  
Both far and near of strikes we hear  
—An earnest of prosperity,  
A strike is rare when men despair  
And labor lives on charity.

An artist who had gone askew  
But later found his brain again,  
Got such a start from Cubist art  
He promptly went insane again!  
Some German guns, the story runs,  
Were lately sold to Switzerland,  
'Twas done, maybe, by Germany  
To prove no shortage hits her land.

The Teutons write their notes polite  
And use up paper regally,  
To show just why what they deny  
They did, was done quite legally;  
We think, forsooth, that far from truth  
The bulk of their advices is,  
The time's at hand to take a stand—  
We're mighty sick of Criseses.



At last report the outdoor sport  
Of Chasing Villa flourishes,  
And Mr. Hearst, who hopes the worst,  
The thought of conflict nourishes;  
The rumor's heard that he's interred  
(Not Hearst, but Villa—happily),  
Yet for a "stiff" it seems as if  
He gets around most snappily.

Carranza wrote a little note  
('Twould almost fill a folio)  
To bid us go from Mexico  
Where life's one long embroglio.  
There's little doubt that we'll get out,  
That sort of thing's a knack with us,  
But we conceive that ere we leave  
F. Villa will come back with us.

The motorist can scarce exist,  
His purse is kept, alas! so lean;  
But ah! at last his woes are past,  
The kibosh is on gasoline:  
Let joy resound, for now is found  
A substitute, yea verily,  
Some dope they throw in H<sub>2</sub>O  
Which runs the engine merrily.

The war goes on as it has gone,  
With neither side approving us;  
Street organs bring the tunes of spring,  
And moving men are moving us.  
In New York state Bill Barnes' slate  
Was knocked sky high and far again;  
These stirring days our minds amaze,  
—It's looking like T. R. again!







WALTER RALEIGH HAD NOTHING ON ELIHU ROOT

MORRIS  
—Drawn by William C. Morris

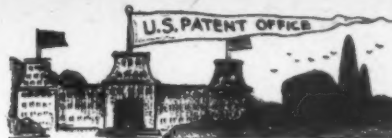


Ruck

VOL. LXXIX

No. 2044

WEEK ENDING MAY 6, 1916



HE THINKS HE HAS A PATENT ON THEM



### The Stranger Within Our Gates

DAILY we see new evidences of the cult of "Kultur." The Zabern incident, in 1913, when a German lieutenant sabred a crippled cobbler and was officially complimented by the Kaiser, was the first evidence of it that reached this country. The tennis courts, owned by Germans living near the Belgian border, which had been reinforced with concrete to bear the big guns that battered Liège, were another evidence of the devices of "Kultur." Then the Lusitania sinking; Dr. Dernberg and his bomb plots, Dumba, Von Papen and Boy-Ed, who had perfected a plan to "cripple American industry," acquainted us still further with the plan of campaign of "Kultur." To-day the agents of Hohenzollern Kultur are everywhere. They are at their work of mining with bombs our physical property, and undermining with their tracts and propaganda our intellectual possessions. In the Houses of Congress, the lobby against adequate preparedness; in the press, the subsidized utterances of the *Fatherland* and other anti-American publications; even in the religious field the work of paid spies of the German government like Dr. Isaac Straus, masking his German propaganda under the guise of a religious periodical — all point alike to the sinister, hungry hand in the Wilhelmstrasse.

And yet what are we to do about it? Do we dare go to war? Has any government the courage to plunge its citizens into a conflict when a large proportion of them are ready to sympathize with its adversary? How many allies and confederates have the indicted bomb-plotters ready throughout the country to knife us in the back? Do we know, does Washington know, how many tennis courts or breweries here have concrete bases ready to serve as a support for hostile guns at the first declaration of war?

"Kultur" is nothing if not efficient. Before we talk more of war with Germany, let us be sure that it will not mean civil war. The plans of "Kultur" are laid far ahead. They seldom go wrong. The open threats in letters from Germany — threats of a "coming day of reckoning" — are not likely to be altogether idle boasting. Before Uncle Sam talks of war, let him put his house in order.

### Two Questions Answered

Two curious pamphlets have recently made their appearance in Berlin, evidently with the full approval of the authorities. One is entitled, "Why do the Nations Hate Us?" the other, "Why Are We Disliked Abroad?"

The answer can best be found in the Hohenzollern spirit of the Father, who exclaimed at Koenigsberg:

"Considering myself as the instrument of God, and without heeding the opinions of men, I shall go my way."

Or in the proclamation of the Son, who, upon his removal in disgrace from the Colonelcy of the Death's Head Huzzars, cried, "The proudest moment of my life will arrive when I march at your head into battle."

Either of these sentiments aptly answers the queries propounded by the brochures named.

Swashbuckling seems to have remained in favor at Wilhelmstrasse alone of all places in the world. It never makes for popularity. Here in America it is seen at its worst when we compare the thousands of pro-German meetings that have been held without molestation, while the one pro-Ally gathering of the past Winter witnessed a disgusting riot engineered by a group of Hohenzollern sympathizers.

The two pamphlets in question seek to perpetuate the great Hohenzollern deception. "We" applies to Father and Son, not to their people. It is these two, and the group of militarist advisers who surround them, who have brought a peace-loving people to the brink of disaster. It is they upon whom the "hate" and "dislike" of enlightened peoples fall. They should not seek to shift the burden to their hapless subjects.

If there is hate and dislike in America, it is the honest hate of a free people for the tyranny of a decadent monarchy and the frightfulness with which this monarchy seeks to perpetuate its waning power.

It is curious to speculate how long Germany, if her position were reversed, would have put up with the nonsense that has characterized the activities of the Hohenzollern propagandists who remained here to carry on the work of the lamented Von Papen. Let these gentlemen, from the cells where their plotting has finally landed them, answer Berlin's pamphleteers. They, of all men, know "why we are disliked abroad."



## The Panic of Peace

In the closing hour, the New York Stock Exchange had a "peace scare." Not only war stocks, but also standard securities, dropped from one to three points. The world was informed that we had bet upon a long war, and we are now afraid we might lose.

—Recent financial news.

"Stop the war!" From stricken lands  
Prostrate, torn by ruthless hands,  
The cry uprose, "Let slaughter cease,  
And in its place come healing peace."  
And then across the ocean borne,  
There throbbed a wail of woe forlorn:

"What? Stop the war? ('T was Wall  
Street spoke)

"No time is this for wanton joke.  
You know the state my nerves are in;  
To talk like that's a heartless sin  
When e'en a rumor, basely spread,  
May bring down panic on my head.  
What? Call for peace when thousands  
pore

With beating hearts my ticker o'er?  
When multitudes of every rank  
Have stripped their savings from the  
bank

And gamb—Invested, I should say—  
Wouldst take the widow's mite away?  
Wouldst rob the orphan of his dot?  
Wouldst bring despair to humble cot?  
In short, by base reports of peace,  
Wouldst unsuspecting thousands  
fleece?

Be not so heedless; if it be  
You know the word—have charity.  
Full soon enough dread peace will  
come

And panic's wild delirium,  
Without rehearsing in advance  
The grim and blighting circumstance."

Yet—"Stop the war!" the cry still rose.  
"Heed ye the cost, the people's woes!  
Think of the dying, think of the  
dead!"

"But think of the margins!" Wall  
Street said.

A. H. F.



"Oh dear! I'm so worried about Toto; he climbed on the table this morning and ate the baby's breakfast and it made him sick"

Drawn by Hal Burrows

Ruck



Drawn by William C. Morris

## A Labor of Love

The responsibilities of the Presidency ought to sober a man even before he approaches it, says Woodrow Wilson. They had such a sobering effect upon T. R. that all he could get out of the Presidency was "a perfectly corking time."



2B—or not to be

Those who played the war stocks in time probably are ready to believe that a Stock Exchange is no robbery.

The one thing present in every home is a fork with a crooked prong.

## Home Influence

"Mother, did you return my polka-dot veil and ankle-watch that you borrowed for the bridge party yesterday?"

"Yes, Anesthesia."

"And did you bring back my rouge-stick and my powder-puff?"

"I brought back the powder-puff, Anesthesia; but I used the rouge-stick all up."

"Oh, Mother! How could you! There was enough of that rouge-stick left to last for a month!"

"I know, Anesthesia; but every time I had a cocktail, I had to put on more rouge. That was why."

"Well, Mother, you must pay me back by letting me lower the hem of your ball-gown three inches and wear it to the dance to-night. I would never dare to wear it as short as you do!"

"Very well, Anesthesia; but don't sit up for me after the dance. Your father and I have got a little poker game on, and may not be home until three or four o'clock."

"You bet I won't, Mother. If I sat up as late as you do for a few nights, I'd have to take a suite at the hospital."

"Well, ta-ta, Anesthesia."

"Good-night, Mother."

—K. L. Roberts

The Battle of Verdun is about to go into extra innings, and there are increasing rumors that somebody will bat for the Crown Prince.

Anyone who has worked in a morning newspaper office can appreciate the intensity of these German "night rushes."

The stories that can be set afloat by a mere political luncheon arouse the curiosity as to what would be started by a six-course dinner.



## An Unpleasant Revelation

There was once a timid man who found himself in the midst of a passionate argument on the subject of politics. In an unobtrusive manner he sought to make his escape. But one of the arguers laid hold on his coat-tail, and adjured him in a loud voice, saying:

"Brother, what is the feeling in the middle West this year, and who do you think will get it?"

"Really," replied the timid man, "I know nothing about it. You will have to excuse me."

At this, all the arguers ceased their arguing and gazed curiously at him.

"Well, then," remarked a large person with a self-assertive voice, which had hitherto been extremely busy explaining how Pennsylvania would go, and why, "well, then, tell us who you think will be elected."

The timid man laughed deprecatingly. "That, of course, is a matter concerning which I have no dependable information," said he. "Surely you do not care to hear the half-formed opinions of an amateur on any subject!"

A blue-jowled person with a 78-inch waist-line and a dissolute derby pointed a pudgy forefinger at the timid man's vest. "You're a fine sample of an American citizen," said he. "You, who know nothing about politics: you, who have no dependable information! What do you know, you poor chump?"

The timid man stroked his chin softly. "I have a very fair knowledge of Civil Engineering," he replied, gazing at the cloud-effect with a speculative eye, "and I have become familiar with the inner workings of the Nineteenth National

to hear themselves talk; and their words are far less valuable than the winds of the heavens. The winds of the heavens clear the cobwebs from the head; but the wind of the political talker beclouds

person who discusses politics is worse than myself, but won't admit it."

With these words, the timid man placed his hand firmly against the 78-inch waist-line of the blue-jowled



Drawn by Ralph Barton

The way the Prettiest Girl in the World looks when you are kissing her.

the issue and befores the brain. No good business man will listen to opinions on his business when they come from a person who has no idea what he is

person, and gave it a sharp push. The blue-jowled person immediately fell back in disorder, and the timid man stepped briskly down the street and was seen no more.

As for the arguers, they suddenly discovered that they had important business elsewhere.

To sum up:

Back a timid man into a corner, and he is very apt to blurt out the truth.

—K. L. Roberts.

Suggested slogan for T. R. advocates: What's the Hughes?

"This here paper says," observed Mr. Lerret, "that the fire insurance companies fill their policies full of jokers."

"Ain't that nice of 'em," exclaimed Mrs. Lerret. "We don't git almanacs any more."

Immorality is the conduct of others.

Henry Ford was given 40,827 Presidential votes in Michigan's primary, but as he still insists he was not a candidate, none can accuse him of having promised a tin Lizzie to every voter.



Drawn by Calvert Smith

"HER WEDDING ANNIVERSARY"

Bank, of which I am a director. I likewise know that out of 1000 men who give vent to opinions on the subject of politics, 999 haven't the slightest idea whether their statements are true or false. They talk because they like

talking about. But the average person who discusses politics will listen with profound consideration to the opinions of incompetents, total wrecks and know-nothings like myself. I therefore have no hesitation in stating that the average

**Pillow-land** In his immortal essay on the

"flat swamp of convalescence" Charles Lamb speaks out of his personal experience of the "king-like way" the sick man "sways his pillow—tumbling, and tossing, and shifting, and lowering, and thumping, and flattening, and moulding it, to the ever-varying requisitions of his throbbing temples. He changes sides oftener than a politician." How true this is—even to the italicized word—I discovered for myself a few weeks ago, after a personal encounter with the malignant *Pneumococcus*, backed up by his ally, the pleurisy. Such was the novelty of my first serious illness that it literally took my breath away. When I recovered my normal wind I found myself monarch of all I surveyed, my kingdom a bed, yet seemingly a land without limit,—who dares circumscribe the imagination of an invalid? As to the truth of Mr. Lamb's remarks on the selfishness of the sick man there can be no denial. His pillow is his throne—from it he issues his orders for the day, his bulletins for the night. The nurse is his prime-minister, his right hand; with her moral alliance he is enabled to defy a host of officious advisers. But woe betide him if nurse and spouse plot against him. Then he is helpless. Then he is past saving. His little pet schemes are shattered in the making. He is shifted and mauled. He is prodded and found wanting. No hope for the helpless devil as his face is scrubbed, his hands made clean, his miserable tangled hair combed straight. In Pillowland what Avatar? Browning might have sung. None, alas! Nevertheless, your pillow is your best friend, your only confidant. In its cool yielding depths you whisper (yes, one is reduced to an evasive whisper, such is the cowardice superinduced by physical weakness) "Basins are not for bedouins. I'll have none of them." And then you swallow the next bitter pill the nurse offers. Suffering ennobles, wrote Nietzsche. I suppose he is right, but in my case the nobility is yet to appear. Meek, terribly meek, sickness makes one. You suffer a sea change, and without richness. The most annoying part of the business is that you were *not* consulted as to your choice of maladies; worse remains: you are not allowed to cure yourself. I loathe pneumonia, since I came to grips with the beast. The next time I'll go out of my way to select some exotic fever. Then my doctor will be vastly intrigued. I had a common or garden variety of lung trouble. Pooh! his eyes seemed to say—I read their meaning with the clairvoyance of the defeated—we shall have this fellow on his hind legs in a jiffy. And I didn't want to get well too rapidly. Like Saint Augustine I felt like praying with a slight change of text: "Give me chastity and constancy, but not yet." Give,



## The Seven Arts

by James Huneker

tences. Only walking delegates of ideas filled my hollow skull like dried peas in a bladder. Finally, I concentrated—as the unchristian unscientists say—on the nurse, my nurse.

As an old reporter of things theatrical I had seen many plays with the trained nurse as heroine. One and all I abhorred them, even the gentle and artistic impersonation of Margaret Anglin in a piece whose name I've forgotten. I welcomed a novel by Edgar Saltus in which the nurse is depicted as a monster of crime incarnate. How mistaken I have been. Now the trained nurse seems an angel without wings. She may not be the slender, dainty, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired girl of the footlights; she is often mature and stout and a lover of potatoes. But she is sister when a man is down. She is severe, but her severity hath good cause. At first you feebly utter the word "nurse." Later she is any Irish royal family name. Follows, "Mary," and that way danger lies for the elderly invalid. When he calls her "Marie" he is doomed. Every day the newspapers tell us of marriages made in pillowland between the well-to-do widower, Mr. A. Sclerosis, and Miss Emma Metic of the St. Petronius Hospital staff. Married sons and daughters may protest, but to no avail. A sentimental bachelor or widower in the "lonesome, latter years" hasn't any more chance with a determined young nurse of the unfair sex than a "snowbird in hell"—as Brother Mencken phrases it.

However, every nurse has her day. She finally *Convales-* departs. Your eyes are wet. You are weeping *cence* over yourself. The nurse represented not only care for your precious carcass but also a surcease from the demands of the world. Her going means a return to work, and you hate to work if you are a convalescent of the true-blue sort. Hence your tears. But you soon recover. You

I said to my doctor, health, but let me loaf a little longer. Time takes toll of eternity and I've worked my pen and wagged my tongue for twice twenty years. I need a rest. So do my readers. The divine rights of cabbages and of kings are also shared by mere newspaper men. A litany of massive phrases followed. But in vain. The doctor was inexorable. I had pneumonia. My temperature was tropical. My heart beat in ragtime rhythm, and my pulse was out of the running. I realized as I tried to summon to my parched lips my favorite "red lattice oaths" that, as Cabanis put it years ago: "Man is a digestive tube pierced at both ends." All the velvet vanities of life had vanished. I could no longer think in alliterative sentences.

### Trained Nurses

(Continued on page 20)



## Another Opium Dream

By Charles Johnston

The President-Emperor of China was lying on a couch of elaborately carved teak-wood, decked with pillows of embroidered yellow silk. His eyes were closed, his parchment-yellow face full of unwrinkled calm. Beside him, on a pearl-inlaid stool, were "the makings,"—the slender pipe, the little lamp, the box of pellets which promote contemplation. At his feet stood Secretary Loot, head bowed, hands joined humbly, in expression somewhat perturbed. Suddenly the Emperor-President opened his eyes, and slowly, meditatively, took in the woeful figure of Excellency Loot; took him in, and smiled a long, deliberate, gleeful Eastern smile.

"Loot, my friend!" he said, reflectively, "what a jolly time we are having!" And then, closing his eyes, he chuckled, with long-drawn, delighted mirth. "Oh, those funny, funny little Japanese! And the Powers! Oh, friend Loot, the Powers! Aren't they too delicious for words? And the Rebels! Oh, Loot, the Rebels! Isn't it all too lovely for words?" Then, after a long-drawn, happy chuckle, "Loot, I am going to sleep again, to think up something new!" and, resting on his elbow, he busied himself with "the makin's," turning the little bubbling pellet above the steady flame of the lamp, and, as he turned it, he discoursed with Secretary Loot:

"You remember, friend Loot, the pretty fable of the immortal Chwang?—'Once upon a time, I dreamed I was a butterfly flitting from flower to flower in the sunshine. Butterfly-like, I followed every fancy, forgetting altogether that I was a man. Suddenly I awoke, and there I lay, a man once more. And now I know not whether I then dreamed I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly, dreaming myself a man'—you remember it, friend Loot?"

"Yes, your Maj-excellency!" said the still perturbed Loot.

"Well, friend Loot, exactly my dilemma! Exactly!—I cannot tell whether I am a President dreaming that I am an Emperor, or an Emperor dreaming I am a President!—but oh! dear Loot, it is all such amazing fun!"

## ENIGMA

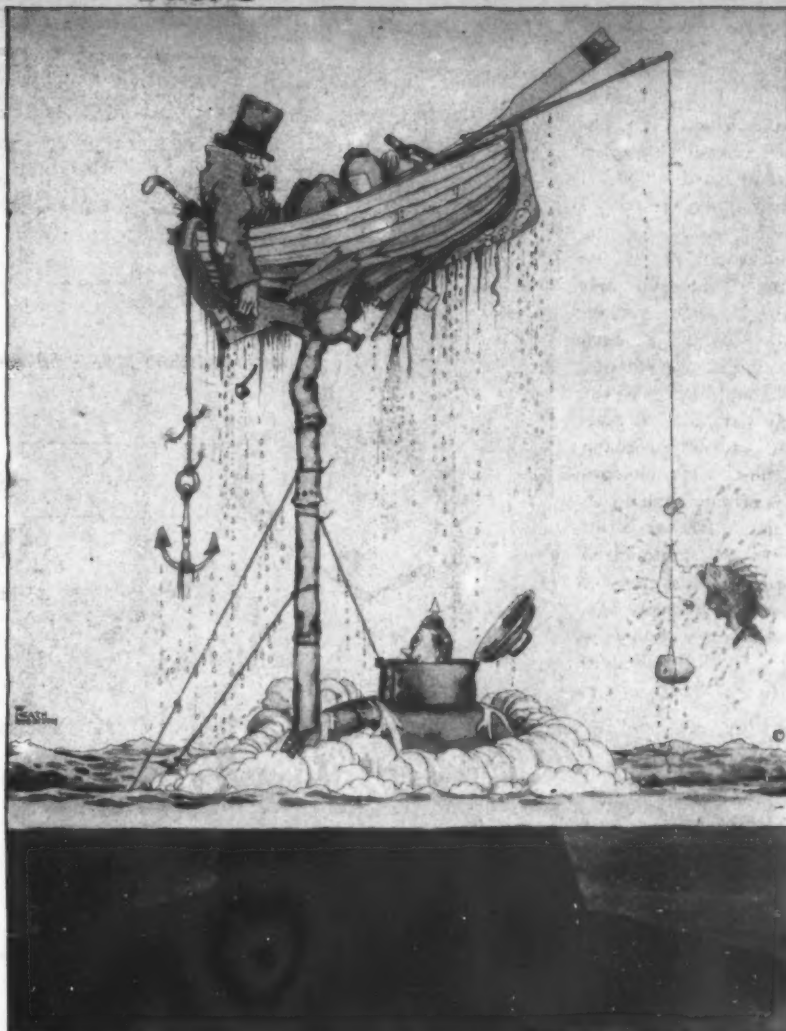
By Philip Bartholomae

Maiden  
Street  
Sleet  
Stocking  
Shocking

Maiden  
Sea  
Knee  
Display  
O. K.

When the defendant is a pretty woman it is usually the jurymen who feel guilty.

Ruck



DRAWN FOR PUCK BY HEATH ROBINSON OF LONDON COPYRIGHT IN THE U. S. A. BY PUCK PUB. CORPORATION

## Periscoped in the North Sea

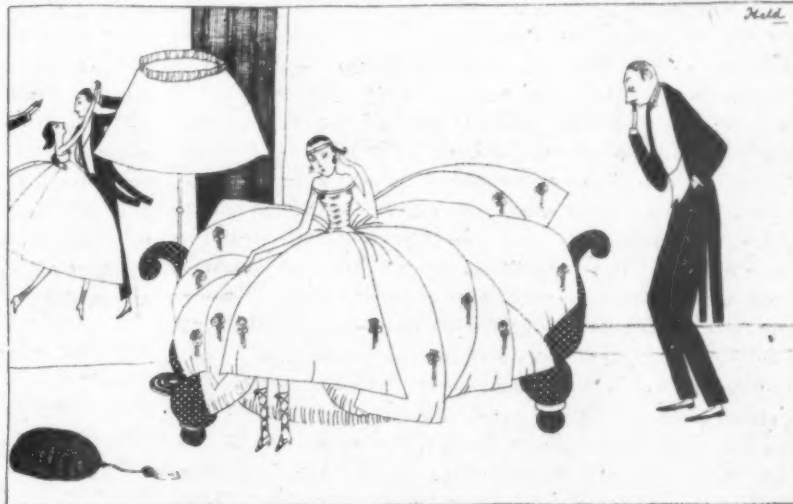
It may yet turn out that the Lusitania was the original tug of war.

The Mexicans, presumably, are referring to it as that Dodd-gasted army.

The Germans have set their clocks ahead an hour, but it is doubtful if that will get them into Verdun any quicker.

The tenacity with which Mr. Hughes sticks to the Supreme Court may cause him eventually to be known as a Supreme Court plaster.

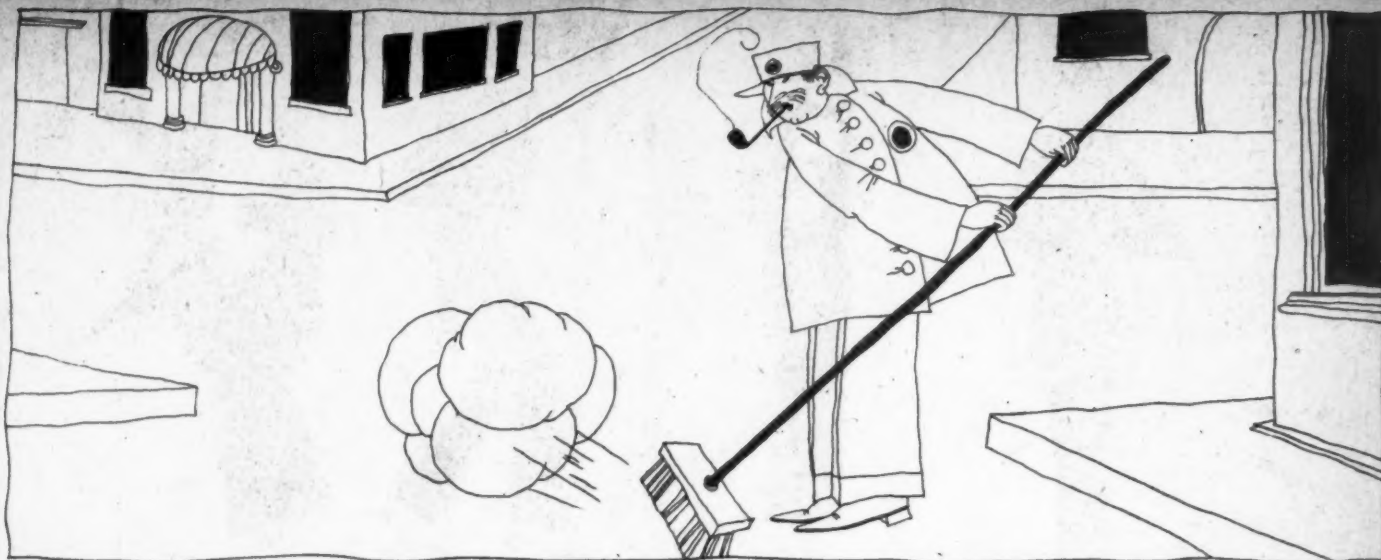
The latest thing in New York is the street booth for policemen on fixed watch. All that the crook has to do is to lock the door from the outside.



## Those Modern Skirts

Fair Debutante: "Won't you sit down, Mr. Breslau?"





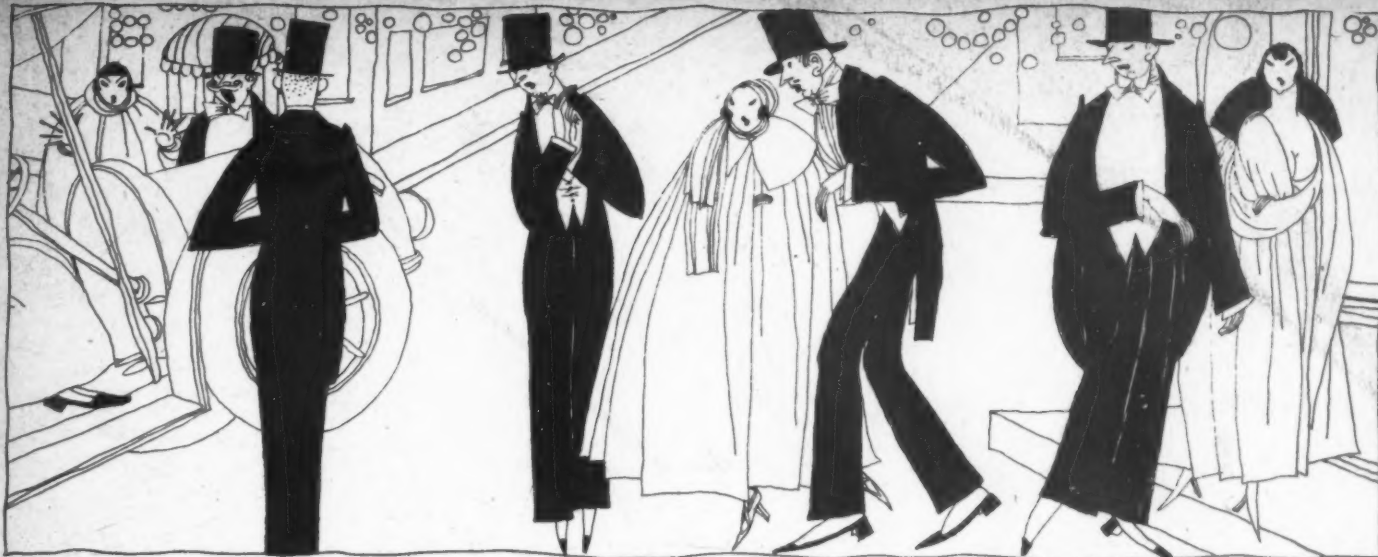
If the street-scene looks like this, you know that it is somewhere between seven and eleven A. M.



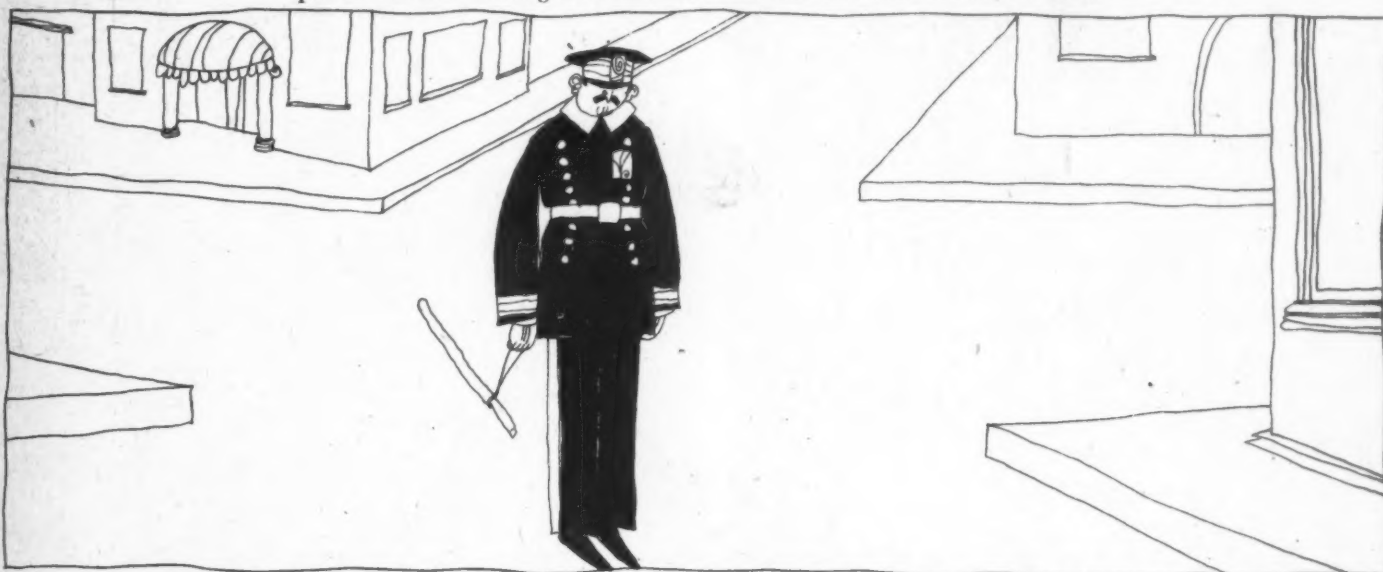
If you see a theatrical booking agent on his way to open up his office and if he is closely followed by an actor who looks as though he wanted a job, you may know that it is 11.30 A. M.



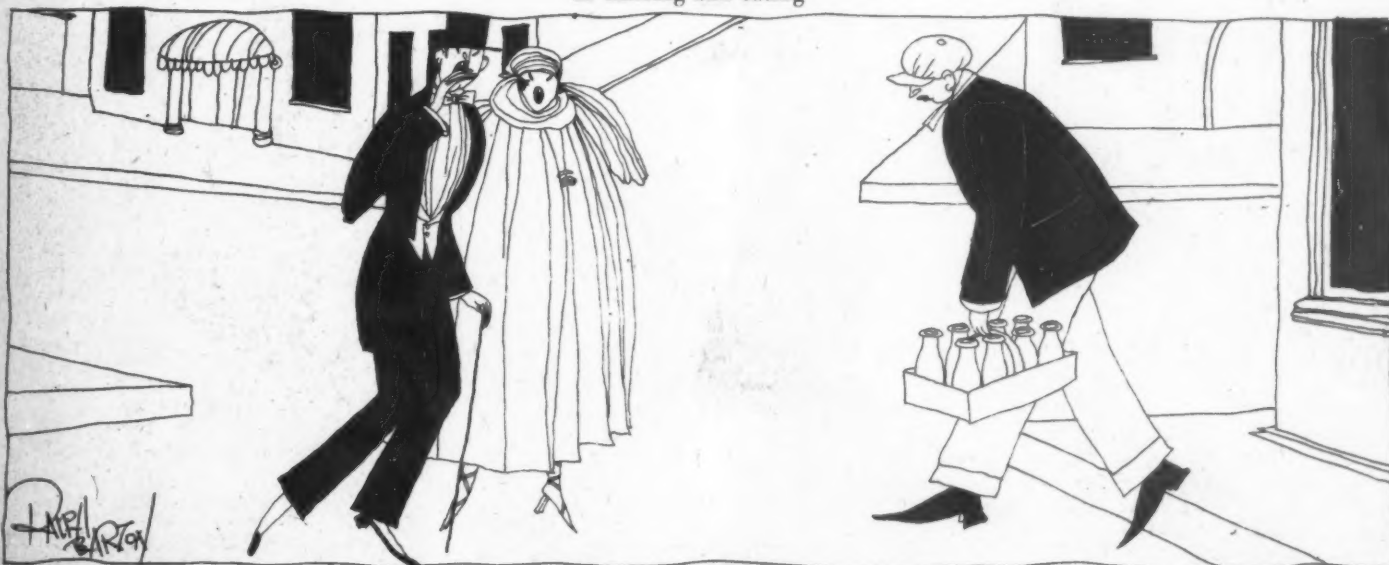
If you find the street full of young ladies who look as if they might just adore William Courtney, you will guess that it is 2.10 P. M. and that the young ladies are hurrying to the matinée—but you will be wrong. It is 2.10 P. M., alright, but the young ladies are hurrying to hotel lobbies to keep luncheon engagements they had for 12.30 P. M.



This scene indicates 8.15 P. M. New York has never become accustomed to the continuous performance and still goes to the movies at the old-fashioned theatre hour



2.30 A. M. is here depicted. Everybody is indoors pretending that they are still interested in dancing and eating



Drawn by Ralph Barton

The first couple breaks away because hubby has to go to business and therefore must keep rational hours. This means that it is 6.30 A. M.



# THE TWO CHURCHES OF 'QUAWKET

By H. C. BUNNER

Illustrated by Will Crawford



"The Minister was nervously shaking hands with Brother Joash Hitt"

THE Reverend Colton M. Pursly, of Aquawket, (commonly pronounced 'Quawket,) looked out of his study window over a remarkably pretty New England prospect, stroked his thin, grayish side-whiskers, and sighed deeply. He was a pale, sober, ill-dressed Congregationalist minister of forty-two or three. He had eyes of willow-pattern blue, a large nose, and a large mouth, with a smile of forced amiability in the corners. He was amiable, perfectly amiable and innocuous—but that smile sometimes made people with a strong sense of humor want to kill him. The smile lingered even while he sighed.

Mr. Pursly's house was set upon a hill, although it was a modest abode. From his window he looked down one of those splendid streets that are the pride and glory of old towns in New England—a street fifty yards wide, arched with grand Gothic elms, bordered with houses of pale yellow and white, some in the homelike, simple yet dignified colonial style, some with great Doric porticos at the street end. And above the billowy green of the tree-tops rose two shapely spires, one to the right, of granite, one to the left, of sand-stone. It was the sight of these two spires that made the Reverend Mr. Pursly sigh.

With a population of four thousand five hundred, 'Quawket had an Episcopal Church, a Roman Catholic Church, a Presbyterian Church, a Methodist Church, a Universalist Church, (very small,) a Baptist Church, a Hall for the "Seventh-Day Baptists," (used for secular purposes every day but Saturday,) a Bethel, and—"The Two Churches"—as every one called the First and Second Congregational Churches. Fifteen years before, there had been but one Congregational Church, where a prosperous and contented congregation worshiped in a plain little

old-fashioned red brick church on a side-street. Then, out of this very prosperity, came the idea of building a fine new free-stone church on Main Street. And, when the new church was half-built, the congregation split on the question of putting a "rain-box" in the new organ. It is quite unnecessary to detail how this quarrel over a handful of peas grew into a church war, with ramifications and interlacements and entanglements and side-issues and under-currents and embroilments of all sorts and conditions. In three years there was a First Congregational Church, in free-stone, solid, substantial, plain, and a Second Congregational Church in granite, something gingerbreadly, but showy and modish—for there are fashions in architecture as there are in millinery, and we cut our houses this way this year and that way the next. And these two churches had half a congregation apiece, and a full-sized debt, and they lived together in a spirit of Christian unity, on Capulet and Montague terms. The people of the First Church called the people of the Second Church the "Sadduceecedeers," because there was no future for them, and the people of the Second Church called the people of the First Church the "Pharisee-me"s. And this went on year after year, through the Winters when the foxes hugged their holes in the ground within the woods about 'Quawket, through the Summers when the birds of the air twittered in their nests in the great elms of Main Street.

If the First Church had a revival, the Second Church had a fair. If the pastor of the First Church exchanged with a distinguished preacher from Philadelphia, the organist of the Second Church got a celebrated tenor from Boston and had a service of song. This system after a time created a class in both churches known as "the floats," in contradistinction to the "pillars." The floats went from one church to the other according to the attractions offered. There were, in the end, more floats than pillars.

The Reverend Mr. Pursly inherited this contest from his predecessor. He had carried it on for three years. Finally, being a man of logical and precise mental processes, he called the head men of his congregation together, and told them what in wordly language might be set down thus:

There was room for one Congregational Church in 'Quawket, and for one only. The flock must be reunited in the parent fold. To do this a master stroke was necessary. They must build a Parish House. All of which was true beyond question—and yet—the church had a debt of \$20,000 and a Parish House would cost \$15,000.

And now the Reverend Mr. Pursly was sitting at his study window, wondering why all the rich men would join the Episcopal Church. He cast down his eyes, and saw a rich man coming up his path who could readily have given \$15,000 for a Parish House, and who might safely be expected to

give \$1.50, if he were rightly approached. A shade of bitterness crept over Mr. Pursly's professional smile. Then a look of puzzled wonder took possession of his face. Brother Joash Hitt was regular in his attendance at church and at prayer-meeting; but he kept office-hours in his religion, as in everything else, and never before had he called upon his pastor.

Two minutes later, the minister was nervously shaking hands with Brother Joash Hitt.

"I'm very glad to see you, Mr. Hitt," he stammered, "very glad—I'm—I'm—"

"S'prised?" suggested Mr. Hitt, grimly.

"Won't you sit down?" asked Mr. Pursly.

Mr. Hitt sat down in the darkest corner of the room, and glared at his embarrassed host. He was a huge old man, bent, heavily built, with grizzled dark hair, black eyes, skin tanned to a mahogany brown, a heavy square under-jaw, and big leathery dew-laps; on each side of it that looked as hard as the jaw itself. Brother Joash had been all things in his long life—sea-captain, commission merchant, speculator, slave-dealer even, people said—and all things to his profit. Of late years he had turned over his capital in money-lending, and people said that his great claw-like fingers had grown crooked with holding the tails of his mortgages.

A silence ensued. The pastor looked up and saw that Brother Joash had no intention of breaking it.

"Can I do anything for you, Mr. Hitt?" inquired Mr. Pursly.

"Ya-as," said the old man. "Ye kin. I b'leeve you gin'lly git sump'n' over 'n' above your sellery when you preach a fun'l sermon?"

"Well, Mr. Hitt, it—yes—it is customary."

"How much?"

"The usual honorarium is—h'm—ten dollars."

"The—what?"

"The—the fee."

"Will you write me one for ten dollars?"

"Why—why—" said the minister, nervously; "I didn't know that any one had—had died—"

"There hain't no one died, ex I know. It's my fun'l sermon I want."

"But, my dear Mr. Hitt, I trust you are not—that you won't—that—"

"Life's a rope of sand, parson—you'd ought to know that—nor we don't none of us know when it's goin' to fetch loost. I'm most ninety now, 'n' I don't cal'late to git no younger."

"Well," said Mr. Pursly, faintly smiling; "when the time does come—"

"No, sir!" interrupted Mr. Hitt, with emphasis; "when the time does come, I won't have no use for it. Th' ain't no sense in the way most folks is berrid. Whut's th' use of puttin' a man into a mahog'ny coffin, with a silver plate big 's a disphan, an' preachin' a fun'l sermon over him, an' costin' his estate good money, when he's only a poor deaf, dumb, blind fool corpse, an' don't get no good of it? Naww, I've be'n to the undertaker's, an' hed my coffin made under my own sooperveesion—good wood, straight grain, no knots—nuthin' fancy, but doorable. I've hed my tombstun cut, an' chose my text to put onto it—we brung nuthin' into the world, an' it is certain we



can take nuthin' out— an' now I want my fun'l sermon; jes' as the other folks is goin' to hear it who don't pay nuthin' for it. Kin you hev it ready for me this day week?"

"I suppose so," said Mr. Pursly, weakly. "I'll call fer it," said the old man. "Heern some talk about a Perrish House, didn't I?"

"Yes," began Mr. Pursly, his face lighting up.

"Tain't no sech a bad idee," remarked Brother Joash. "Wal, good day." And he walked off before the minister could say anything more.

One week later, Mr. Pursly again sat in his study, looking at Brother Joash, who had a second time settled himself in the dark corner.

It had been a terrible week for Mr. Pursly. He and his conscience, and his dream of the Parish House, had been shut up together working over that sermon, and waging a war of compromises. The casualties in this war were all on the side of the conscience.

"Read it!" commanded Brother Joash. The minister grew pale. This was more than he had expected. He grew pale and then red and then pale again.

"Go ahead!" said Brother Joash.

"Brethren," began Mr. Pursly, and then he stopped short. His pulpit voice sounded strange in his little study.

"Go ahead!" said Brother Joash.

"We are gathered together here to-day to pay a last tribute of respect and affection—"

"Clk!" There was a sound like the report of a small pistol. Mr. Pursly looked up. Brother Joash regarded him with stern intentness.

"—to one of the oldest and most prominent citizens of our town, a pillar of our church, and a monument of the civic virtues of probity, industry and wisdom, a man in whom we all took pride, and—"

"Clk!" Mr. Pursly looked up more quickly this time, and a faint suggestion of an expression just vanishing from Mr. Hitt's lips awakened in his unsuspecting breast a horrible suspicion that Brother Joash had chuckled.

"—whose like we shall not soon again see in our midst. The children on the streets will miss his familiar face—"

"Say!" broke in Brother Joash, "how'd it be for a delegation of child'n to foller the remains, with flowers or sump'n? They'd volunteer if you give 'em the hint, wouldn't they?"

"It would be—unusual," said the minister.

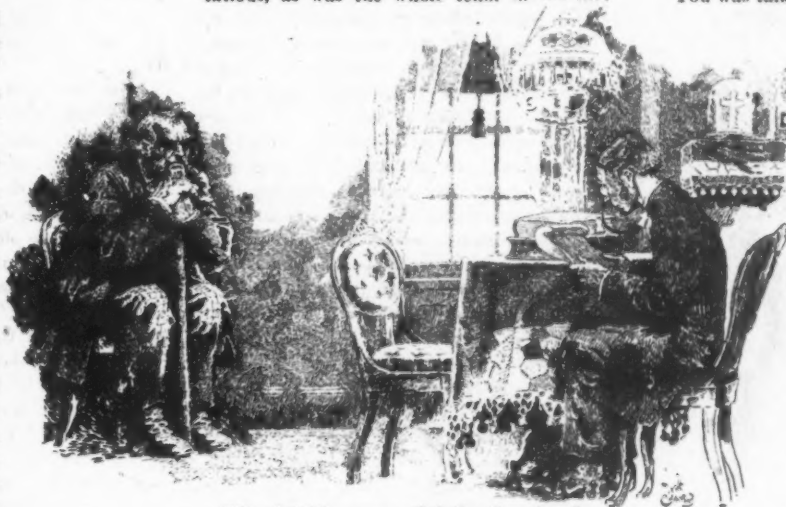
"All right," assented Mr. Hitt, "only an idee of mine. Thought they might like it. Go ahead!"

Mr. Pursly went ahead, haunted by an agonizing fear of that awful chuckle, if chuckle it was. But he got along without interruption until he reached a casual and guarded allusion to the widows and orphans without whom no funeral oration is complete.

Here the metallic voice of Brother Joash rang out again.

"Say! Ef the widders and orphans send a wreath—or a Gates-Ajar—ef they do, mind ye!—you'll hev it put a-top of the coffin, where folks'll see it, wun't ye?"

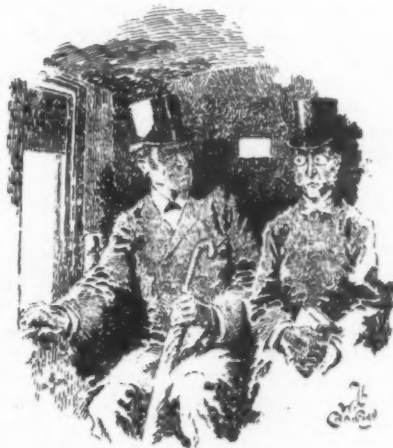
"Certainly," said the Reverend Mr. Pursly, hastily; "his charities were unostentatious, as was the whole tenor of his life."



"Read it!" commanded Brother Joash

In these days of spendthrift extravagance, our young men may well—"

"Say!" Brother Joash broke in once more. "Ef any one wuz to git up right there, an' say that I wuz the derndest, meanest, miserly, penurious, parsimonious old hunk in 'Quawket, you wouldn't let him talk like that, would ye?"



"I'll 'light here"

"Unquestionably not, Mr. Hitt!" said the minister, in horror.

"Thought not. On'y that's whut I heern one o' your deacons say about me the other day. Didn't know I heern him, but I did. I thought you wouldn't allow no such talk as that. Go ahead!"

"I must ask you, Mr. Hitt," Mr. Pursly said, perspiring at every pore, "to refrain from interruptions—or I—I really—can not continue."

"All right," returned Mr. Hitt, with perfect calmness. "Continner."

Mr. Pursly continued to the bitter end, with no further interruption that called for remonstrance. There were soft inarticulate sounds that seemed to him to come from

Brother Joash's dark corner. But it might have been the birds in the *Ampelopsis Veitchii* that covered the house.

Brother Joash expressed no opinion, good or ill, of the address. He paid his ten dollars, in one-dollar bills, and took his receipt. But as the anxious minister followed him to the door, he turned suddenly and said:

"You was talkin' 'bout a Perrish House?"

"Yes—"

"Kin ye keep a secret?"

"I hope so—yes, certainly, Mr. Hitt."

"The' 'll be one."

"I feel," said the Reverend Mr. Pursly to his wife, "as if I had carried every stone of that Parish House on my shoulders and put it in its place. Can you make me a cup of tea, my dear?"

The summer days had begun to grow chill, and the great elms of 'Quawket were flecked with patches and spots of yellow, when, early one morning, the

meagre little charity-boy whose duty it was to black Mr. Hitt's boots every day—it was a luxury he allowed himself in his old age—rushed, pale and frightened, into a neighboring grocery, and cried:

"Mist' Hitt's dead!"

"Guess not," said the grocer, doubtfully. "Brother Hitt's gut th' Old Nick's agency for 'Quawket, 'n' I ain't heerd th't he's been discharged for inattention to dooty."

"He's layin' there smilin'," said the boy.

"Smilin'?" repeated the grocer. "Guess I'd better go 'n' see."

In very truth, Brother Joash lay there in his bed, dead and cold, with a smile on his hard old lips, the first he had ever worn. And a most sardonic and discomfiting smile it was.

The Reverend Mr. Pursly read Mr. Hitt's funeral address for the second time, in the First Congregational Church of 'Quawket. Every seat was filled; every ear was attentive. He stood on the platform, and below him, supported on decorously covered trestles, stood the coffin that enclosed all that was mortal of Brother Joash Hitt. Mr. Pursly read with his face immovably set on the line of the clock in the middle of the choir-gallery railing. He did not dare to look down at the sardonic smile in the coffin below him; he did not dare to let his eye wander to the dark left-hand corner of the church, remembering the dark left-hand corner of his own study. And as he repeated each complimentary, obsequious, flattering platitude, a hideous, hysterical fear grew stronger and stronger within him that suddenly he would be struck dumb by the "clk!" of that mirthless chuckle that had sounded so much like a pistol-shot. His voice was hardly audible in the benediction.

(Continued on page 23)



## THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

### A Good Husband

Triplets, two girls and a boy, were born to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Johnson, who live a short distance north of Neosho, on Wednesday of last week. Mr. Johnson is a miner and works at Granby, coming home every night.

—The Neosho (Mo.) Times.

### No She Won't

Mrs. Naomi Wetzel has taken the agency of Kenney Needle showers, one of the best arrangements for a bathtub ever invented. It requires no curtain and can be attached cheaply by any one. She will call on you and demonstrate.

—The Lancaster (O.) Eagle.

### Those About to Die

Has anybody got a typewriter to exchange for a monument or headstone, or have work done in the cemetery? N. E. Austin's monumental works, 238 White Street.

—The Danbury (Conn.) News.

### Literary, Indeed

The Shakespeare Club held a very interesting and pleasant meeting at the home of the president, Mrs. James H. Tobias, on last Monday afternoon. The time was spent in making peanut fudge and hearing a paper on Harold Bell Wright, the Great American Novelist, by Mrs. Ralph H. Molligers. The next meeting will be held with Miss Lickens, who will discuss Pollyanna, a book that has made a great hit in literary circles.

—The Redersville (W. Va.) Beacon.

### Sound

Avoid being hit with a ball or any other hard substance.

—The Optical Journal.

### Serious, not Fatal

Mr. Hissinger broke his right arm above the elbow. He was also bruised severely about the city.

—The Rochester (Minn.) Post.

### She Should not Have Done So

Mrs. Chris Schlegel met with a painful accident Monday while milking. She bent over on the wrong side and put her arm out of place. We all know that didn't feel very good.

—The Wapakoneta (O.) News.

### A Man of Talents

Clyde Rodkey, who is becoming famous as an after-dinner speaker, made himself a real favorite with at least three families the other day when he plowed their gardens and refused to be paid for his work.

—The Blue Rapids (Kan.) Times.

### Not Very Definite

There was a woman from one of the adjoining towns who made quite an exhibition of herself in New Boston Friday, so it is said.

—Sandisfield Cor. of the Berkshire (Mass.) Eagle.

### Not a Nice Beast

Mr. Weeks is recovering from the injury he received by being clawed by a cow.

—The Myrtle Creek (Ore.) Mail.

### Inseparable

Sam Densmore went to the city with his Bright's disease Saturday for to see a doctor.

—The Lampton (Col.) Register.

### Thoughtful

The program will begin promptly at 8.15, and Arthur Grandquist, the noted young pianist, will use a concert grand piano, which will be conveniently placed so that the very best effect and results may be obtained for the benefit of the patrons of this Grand concert course.

—The Elkhart (Ind.) Truth.

### What was the Diagnosis?

George W. Weldon won the head prize in the spelling contest, Harry Peirs winning the consolation.

—The Crandon (Wis.) Forest Echo.

### One Way to Do It

Writer of popular songs committed suicide by shooting at a local hotel tonight.

—St. Louis (Mo.) Globe Democrat.

### Getting It Right

We wish to correct a mistake. Mr. Cartwright's horse is not dead but getting better.

—Marshall Corners item in The Belfast (N. Y.) Blaze.

### It Pays to Know Your Mind

It is rumored that the cause of the death of W. J. Evans, who died here last fall, will be investigated. Mr. Evans was thought to have killed himself at the time, but was later undecided.

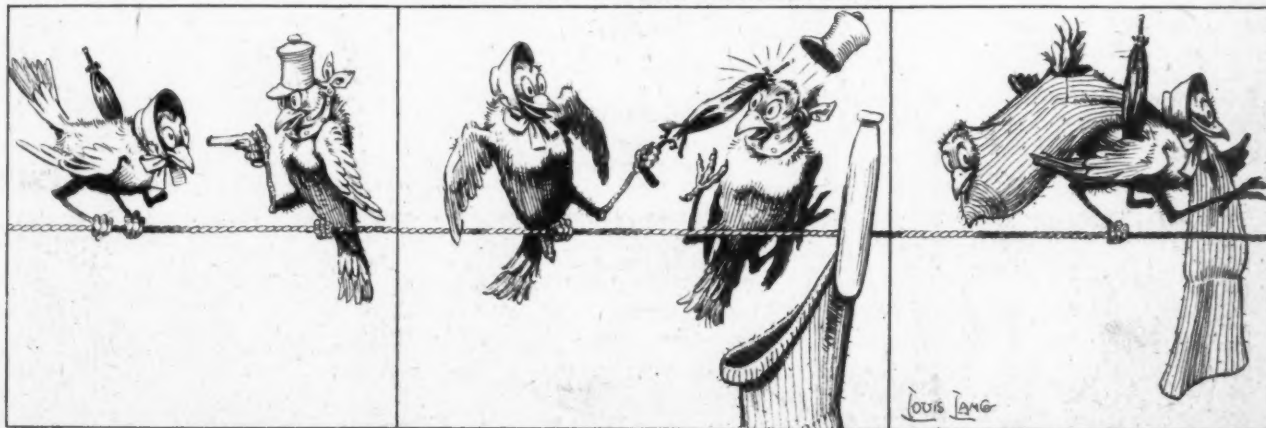
—Arkinda Cor. of the Little River (Ark.) News.

### Sand, Sport and Sand

The river shore seems a place of amusement for the young people of Gilead, some go down to take physical culture exercise, such as jumping, sanding on their heads and wrestling, but look out boys how you wrestle.

—The Washington (N. C.) Progress.

## ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE



Hand over your bird-seed, lady; I'm a bad bird

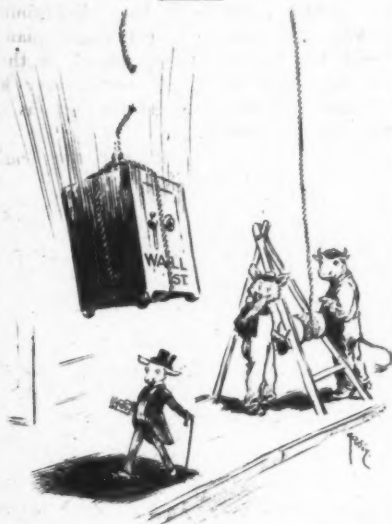
Oh, well, a bad bird is better than none

On leap-year!



The British government has taxed William Waldorf Astor, the widely advertised renegade, \$1,680,000. There is no doubt that the British government can do this once and get away with it; but a second attempt is more than likely to offend him deeply, and cause him to withdraw to Germany and devote his energies to acquiring a German title, such as graf, herzog, or holstein. Our conclusions, of course, are based on past experience.

Money-saving line to be kept in type by newspapers: Americans on Steamship Sunk by U-Boat.



Sooner or Later (Usually Sooner)

"How did your pacifist meeting come out the other night?"

"I didn't remain for the finish. The head of the resolutions committee called the chairman a liar and the vice-president and the treasurer got into a squabble over unpaid dues. The situation became fairly harmonious, I understand, after the police arrived."

CUSTOMER (examining the spring suit): The goods appear to be all right and I like the pattern, but what about the report that this season's colors are liable to fade?

LEVY: My friend, believe me and pay no attention to those reports. If that suits fades I guarantee you it will fade to a most beautiful color.

The authorities of Paterson are seeking to banish powder puffs, low-neck waists, and high-heeled shoes from the public schools. The reaction from Billy Sunday.

Approved by Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Director of Good Housekeeping Bureau of Food, Sanitation and Health.

## Splitting Headaches— For No Reason At All

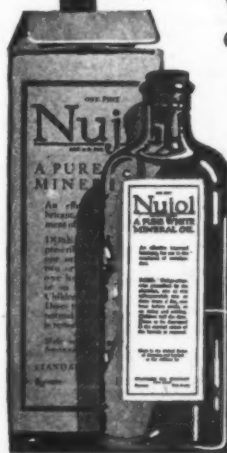
THESE puzzling headaches are due frequently to intestinal absorption of toxic substances (auto-intoxication) without apparent constipation.

Nujol is particularly valuable in such cases, because it has the property of absorbing and removing the intestinal toxins, besides giving safe and effective relief in most cases of periodic and chronic constipation.

Nujol is not a purge nor a laxative. It acts in effect as a mechanical lubricant. It prevents the intestinal contents from becoming hard and so facilitates the normal processes of evacuation.

Most druggists carry Nujol, which is sold only in pint bottles packed in cartons bearing the Nujol trademark. If your druggist does not carry Nujol, accept no substitute. We will send a pint bottle prepaid to any point in the United States on receipt of 75c.—money order or stamps.

Write for booklet, "The Rational Treatment of Constipation." Address Dept. 42.



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New Jersey

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# The Seven Arts

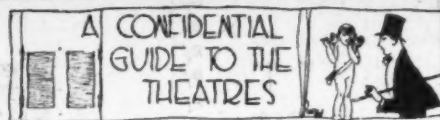
(Continued from page 12)

are free. The doctor has lost interest in your case. You throw physic to the dogs. You march at a lenten tempo about your embattled bed. You begin sudden little arguments with your wife, just to see if you haven't lost any of your old-time virility in the technique of household squabbling. You haven't. You swell with masculine satisfaction and for at least five minutes you are the Man of the House. A sudden twinge, a momentary giddiness, send you scurrying back to your bailiwick, the bedroom, and the familiar leitmotiv is once more sounded, and with what humility of accent: "Mamma!" The Eternal Masculine—The Eternal Child. You mumble to her that it is nothing, and as you recline on that thrice-accursed couch, you endeavor to be haughty. But she knows you are simply a sick grumpy old person of the male species and needs be ruled with a rod of iron, although the metal be well hidden.

**A New World** The first cautious peep from a window upon the world you left snow white, and find in vernal green, is an experience almost worth the miseries you have so impatiently endured. A veritable vacation for the eyes, you tell yourself, as the fauna and flora of Flatbush break upon your enraptured gaze. Presently you watch with breathless interest the manoeuvres of ruddy little Georgie in the next garden as he manfully deploys a troupe of childish contemporaries, his little sister doggedly traipsing at the rear. Sturdy Georgie has the makings of a leader. He may be a Captain of Commerce, a Colonel and Master-politician; but he will always be foremost, else nowhere. "You are the audience," he imperiously bids his companions, and when rebellion seemed imminent he punched, without a trace of anger, a boy much taller. I envied Georgie his abounding vitality. Furtively I raised the window. Instantly I was spied by Georgie who cried lustily: "Little boy, little boy, come down and play with me!" I almost felt gay. "You come up here," I called out with one lung. "I haven't a stepladder," he promptly replied. The fifth floor is as remote without a ladder as age is separated from youth. (Now I'm moralizing!) Undismayed Georgie continued to call: "Little boy, little boy, come down and play with me!"

**Curtain** The most disheartening thing about a first sickness is the friend who meets you and says: "I never saw you look better in your life." It may be true, but he shouldn't have said it so crudely. You renounce then and there the doctor with all his pomps of healing. You refuse to become a professional convalescent. You are cured and once more a commonplace man, one of the healthy herd. Notwithstanding you feel secretly humiliated. You are no longer King of Pillowland.

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## Literacy

A savage presented himself at the gates of a great and forward nation but got no farther.

"You can't come in here," the keepers informed him, "unless you know how to read and write."

"Indeed!" replied the savage. "Will you tell me, then, why it is that in spite of all the literacy there is in the world the things worth writing are so seldom written and the worthiest things written are so seldom read?"

But the keepers were not there to answer conundrums and they frankly told him so, whereupon with a loud and insulting laugh he fled back to his wilderness.



Snapshot of the Heroine of the "Risks of Rachel" Moving Picture Co., returning home from the studio

## More or Less

"A previous witness testified that the man vanished as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up."

"More so, your honor. He vanished as completely as if he had run over somebody with his car."

The president of a huge corporation announces that he is in the market for men worth \$10,000 a year. Of course he is. But what will he pay them?

"The Middle West will hear several speeches by Col. Roosevelt the latter part of this month."—*News item.*

If the Colonel is feeling fit it is likely that the Pacific Coast will also be able to hear them.

Conceive of the anticlimax in store for the Crown Prince of Germany. After almost dying countless glorious deaths on the field of battle, he will merely be the Kaiser of Germany!

Ruck



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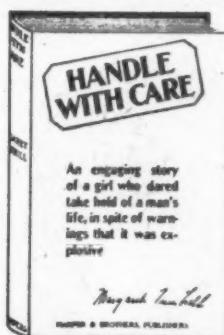
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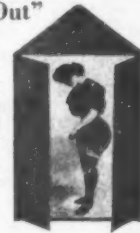
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Bath house in wood veneer with swinging door and brass fastener; size 5x8 inches; with the door open you see a beautiful, hand colored picture of an Ostend bathing girl. Comes boxed, pre-paid, for 25c to introduce our new catalog of pictures for The Den, "all winners!" Catalog alone 10c. Stamps accepted.

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On receipt of \$1.00 for a Three Months' Trial subscription we will enter your subscription for 13 weeks and send you all back numbers containing the Bunner Stories

Don't Miss the Bunner Stories



Say Mister Bohn, Sis told me to tell you she was in dis pose!

### People Who Ought to Meet Each Other

The gentleman who punctuates conversations by picking threads, real and imaginary, off your coat, and the member of the same species who calls you by your first name one second after being introduced.

The woman who cuts in ahead of a waiting line at a box-office window, and the man in a street-car who dumps himself down into a seat that another man is offering to a woman.

The flapper who is still faithful to the refrain, "I should, you should, he should," etc. "worry," and the gangling who drives home the pointlessness of his sentences with the peroration, "Believe me!"

The hypochondriac who takes it for granted that you have an avid curiosity as to his symptoms, and the auto fiend who buttonholes confirmed pedestrians and with glowing eyes holds forth on "differentials," "exhilators" and "gas."

**THIS YEAR'S DEBUTANTE:** I hear the charity ball was a financial success.

**LAST YEAR'S DEBUTANTE:** Huge. Although we spent \$2,000 for the decorations, \$1,500 for the two orchestras and \$600 for the exhibition dancers, we made enough to cover all expenses.

"I'm done with woman's suffrage," declared the erstwhile sympathizer. "The women are too extravagant."

The wife was puzzled.

"They've christened their cross-country automobile with gasoline," the backslider explained. "And with champagne at only \$5 a quart!"

Since women have taken men's places in the British munition plants, the output has increased enormously. But women, of course, are "temporarily unsuited for the ballot."

### WANTED - AN IDEA!

WHO can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 166, Washington, D. C.



**OLD Overholt Rye**  
and quinine is an unfailing remedy in curing colds and preventing serious developments.

### Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years" proves invaluable and saves many a doctor's bill. It possesses decidedly strengthening qualities and should be in the home, at all times, for emergencies. Aged in the wood, bottled in bond.

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## Better Cigars for Less Money

My rare Havanas—unpurchasable in any store—cost you half what they should because you and I deal together personally. The dealer's profit goes to you.

Yet you get that same delightful cigar I myself have smoked for over 40 years. Today 16,800 discriminating smokers say I am a full-fledged connoisseur.

### I'm Hard to Please

This business was started by my friends who used to depend on me to divide up my private stock. The circle grew. Before long I kept a friend in Cuba busy selecting only the finest tobacco.

Today I command the choicest plants grown in the mountainous Vuelta district—noted for its most expensive tobacco. I sold over 2,600,000 cigars last year.

Since I pay no salesmen's salaries or expenses, I can afford to sell my private monogram J. R. W. Panetela for \$5 per hundred, \$2.60 for 50; charges prepaid. That's not far from cost.

### Decide for Yourself

Once you smoke a few of my cigars—so mild and sweet—you'll want more. Not merely because you save 30% to 50%, but because they measure up to your most critical standards. Because they are all uniformly enjoyable.

### First Five Free!

Just to convince you that you cannot duplicate these cigars for twice the cost—smoke five for twice the expense. Merely send 10c at my expense. Merely send 10c for packing, postage and revenue, with your letterhead, business card or reference.

J. ROGERS WARNER  
Lockwood Bldg. Buffalo, N.Y. Exact Size





## The Two Churches of 'Quawket

(Continued from page 17)

The streets of 'Quawket were at their gayest and brightest when the mourners drove home from the cemetery at the close of the noontide hour. The mourners were principally the deacons and elders of the First Church. The Reverend Mr. Pursly lay back in his seat with a pleasing yet fatigued consciousness of duty performed and martyrdom achieved. He was exhausted, but humbly happy. As they drove along, he looked with a speculative eye on one or two eligible sites for the Parish House. His companion in the carriage was Mr. Uriel Hankinson, Brother Joash's lawyer, whose entire character had been aptly summed up by one of his fellow-citizens in conferring on him the designation of "a little Joash for one cent."

"Parson," said Mr. Hankinson, breaking a long silence, "that was a fust-rate oration you made."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," replied Mr. Pursly, his chronic smile broadening.

"You treated the deceased right handsome, considerin'," went on the lawyer Hankinson.

"Considering what?" inquired Mr. Pursly, in surprise.

"Considerin'—well, considerin'—" replied Mr. Hankinson, with a wave of his hand. "You must feel to be reel disapp'inted 'bout the Parish House, I sh'd s'pose."

"The Parish House?" repeated the Reverend Mr. Pursly, with a cold chill at his heart, but with dignity in his voice. "You may not be aware, Mr. Hankinson, that I have Mr. Hitt's promise that we should have a Parish House. And Mr. Hitt was—was—a man of his word." This conclusion sounded to his own ears a trifle lame and impotent.

"Guess you had his promise that there should be a Parish House," corrected the lawyer, with a chuckle that might have been a faint echo of Brother Joash's.

"Well?"

"Well—the Second Church gits it. I draw'd his will. Good day, parson, I'll 'light here. Air's kind o' cold, ain't it?"

Next Week

"THE NICE PEOPLE"

By H. C. Bunner

Illustrated from Clay Models by  
Helena Smith-Dayton

"Dubbs; the traveling salesman, married a very homely woman, didn't he?"

"Yes; when he was courting her he used to say it was a positive pleasure to enter a field where there was no competition!"

The G. O. P., it appears, has at last scraped the Barnacles off the Ship of State.

What the Allies would like to do, one gathers, would be to bend the German General Staff over the Kaiser's head.



## Budweiser and Bread

Bread—made with cereals,  
water, yeast.

Beer—made with cereals,  
water, yeast.

One is solid—the other  
liquid—beer contains the  
extra nerve-resting proper-  
ties of hops which bread  
does not—concentration  
is the main difference  
between these two foods.

As you select the best of  
materials for getting the  
best of foods so do we  
use the best barley malt  
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Hops for making

# Budweiser

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## The Suffrage "Follow-Up" System

After much "watchful waiting," the New York state suffragists got finally a favorable report from the Senate Committee at Albany on the question of another suffrage referendum in 1917. That they got it is surprising, as they took amazing liberties with Albany tradition, and showed an utter lack of understanding of the finer points of political procedure. They expected, actually, that something which went "into committee" would come out!

The behavior of the suffragists was enough to make an old-line lobbyist shiver with apprehension. They did not "tread softly and speak low," but they camped outside the committee-room, in the corridor, and talked loud and forcefully. In their remarks they laid extraordinary stress upon the fact that certain members of the Senate Committee had "promised" to support the amendment; this when, on the other side of the door, the members of the committee were doing their best to rock the suffrage referendum to sleep.

One of the committee, braver or more shocked than the rest, tried to remonstrate with the women. He said that they made too much noise; that it was not customary to camp in the committee-room corridor. It made the committee nervous. And not only that, but there was danger of waking out of their slumbers a number of bills and measures that were sleeping peacefully—and indefinitely. But the suffrage delegation could not seem to get his viewpoint. They persisted in the radical notion that a committee-room was a lying-in ward where bills were born; not a silent sepulchre in which bills were buried. Some of the committee were so upset by the violation of sacred tradition that they registered a dignified protest by going out the side-door, and avoiding the women.

"Our weeks of watching outside the committee-room at last have been rewarded," said Mrs. Norman DeR. Whitehouse, thoughtlessly. What a fact to emphasize! What a rash challenge to other committee-rooms, to those of Washington, for example, where "killed in committee" is a commonplace. If women have their way, the "follow-up system" will take a place in politics, and privacy in the public service will cease to be.

The Washington Americans have an outfielder named Judge, who, it is assumed, will soon land on the bench.

Well, the Senate has given it as its opinion that the Standard Oil Co. is a trust. Bright fellows, these Senators.



## Don't Say Whiskey—

Say **RED TOP RYE**. What is worth drinking is worth asking for. Take a bottle home **TONIGHT**.

## OLD DOMINION LINE

**Restful 4-Day Vacation**  
NEW YORK TO  
OLD POINT COMFORT  
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888 miles of all water travel, embracing the trip on the historic James River including

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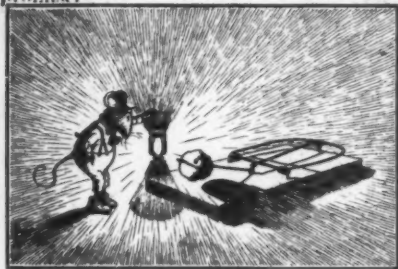
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"Did your son have a good year in school?"

"Excellent. He knows the averages of all the big-league players batting .300 or better; has thoroughly familiarized himself with the early history of Matthewson, Ty Cobb and Honus Wagner, and can recite all the details of every championship heavyweight battle since John L. Sullivan fought Jake Kilrain. He has been a little slow with his football biographies, but he'll come to that eventually. The boy gives great promise."



"These all-night restaurants have been the ruination of so many of our best citizens"

SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT—Do you have trouble with any of your pupils?

SCHOOL TEACHER—Only with Willie Redtape, the lawyer's son. He is constantly yelling to have school dismissed or at least have the session put off until next year.

A Chicago judge is thinking seriously of legally settling, for the benefit of posterity, the question of whether Shakespeare wrote his own plays, or whether Bacon did it for him. Let us hope that this adventurous jurist will at the same time add to our peace of mind by definitely deciding who struck Billy Patterson, where the mackerel go in the winter time, what became of Charley Ross, which admiral whipped the Spanish fleet at Santiago, and why pigs don't whistle.



#### In England

Willie Firefly: "Mamma, can I go out and play to-night?"

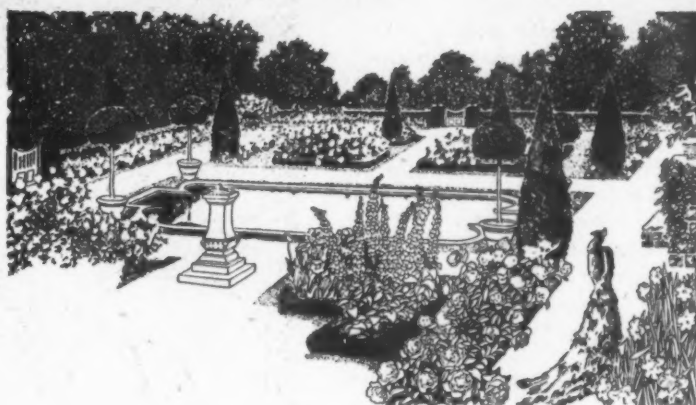
"Yes, Willie, but dim your lights and look out for Zeppelins."

The man-who-comes-home-drunk and the Irishman-who-makes-bulls were counting their clippings.

"I was used in 7647 jokes last month," said the man-who-comes-home-drunk.

"Of'm 412 ahead o' ye!" crowed the Irishman-who-makes-bulls.

"But my son is the little-boy-who-asks-questions," chuckled the man-who-comes-home-drunk. And the other relapsed into moody silence.



## For Summertime

Whatever enters into the comfort and beauty of your Summer Home—indoors or out—may be found here.

Cool Summer Rugs and Matting. Wicker, Porch and Rustic Furniture of many kinds.

Cheery Cretonnes for Draperies, Furniture-coverings and Couch-cushions. Airy Curtains and Curtain Materials.

Slip-covers, Awnings and Shades made to your order in best manner from standard fibres.

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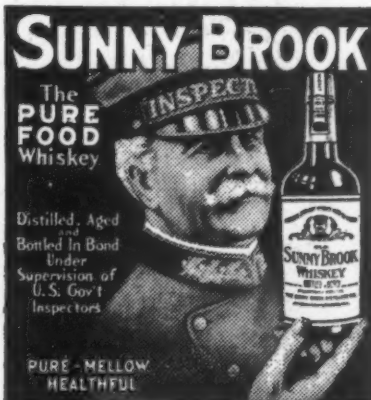
Couch Hammocks, Lawn and Beach Umbrellas — effective new styles.

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**ABRAHAM AND STRAUS**  
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Mail Orders  
and Inquiries  
promptly attended to.



See the Bunner Offer Page 22

## For Happy Sailing Days

order a supply of good old

**Evans' Ale**

Saves the day in gale or calm on Yacht, Motor Boat or Sailing Craft.

In bottles and splits. Your supply man or C. H. Evans & Sons, Hudson, N. Y.



## Men and Votes

I asked my friend, Abdurrahman—lately of Cabul, Afghanistan—to accompany me to an anti-suffrage meeting.

"What is anti-suffrage?" he asked.

"We are opposed to giving women the right to vote," I told him.

"Do the men vote?"

"The men of New York state," I said, "have been voting for nearly one hundred and forty years."

"And why do you think the women should not?"

"Because," I told him, after careful reflection, "women are unfitted by their political inexperience, and their natural tendencies, to take up the responsibilities of voting."

"Ah, yes," said Abdurrahman, "how do you know that?"

I admitted that my actual experience with women had been limited. But not my studies. I flung at his head references to Havelock Ellis' *Man and Woman*, to Geddes and Thompson's *Evolution of Sex*. I could have overwhelmed him with learning.

He was much impressed. "I do not know the gentlemen," he said. "Any conclusions that I might have, I should have to base upon pure experience. I have known a great number of women."

"Intimately?" I queried, with delicate skepticism.

"My mother, my fifteen sisters, my eleven wives, and my forty-three daughters. I think there were forty-three."

It was my turn to be impressed.

"Among all these women," he went on, "how many does that make altogether? My eleven——"

"Never mind," I said. "It is a great number."

"Among all these women," he went on, "I should have to admit, there was not one that would have been fit to hold the least important office in the smallest village of this state."

"Of course not," I put in delightedly. "There is something that unfits——"

"Not one of them can speak a word of English."

I was a little annoyed. "I am talking of serious things," I said. "Would any one of these ladies be able to hold any municipal office in your country?"

"There are no municipal offices in my country."

But if there should be. If you go back, start a revolution, establish a republic, grant universal male suffrage, do you think that any of the people you mentioned would ever be able to vote?"

"If that should happen, and after one hundred and forty years, the Afghan women are incapable of voting, then——"


"Well?" I asked.

"I should disfranchise the men," said Abdurrahman.

"Pink mathematics, and pink regulations, and pink demerits, and—pink pajamas!" That was old Captain Jones' idea of the U. S. Navy of the present day. But then his nephew commanded the scout cruiser *Wasp*, in such a way as to convert the old naval officer to modern methods, as well as to make Lydia realize that tennis doesn't really count after all. "The Pink-Silk Descendant," by Katherine Hallow Brown, is a charming story of youth and romance. Read it in the May 6th issue of

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is a real pleasure for toilet and bath. Its whiteness—its rich, free lather—its refreshing, cleansing qualities—are evidence of the choice materials used and expert skill and care in making.

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*"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"*



## Refreshing as a May Morning

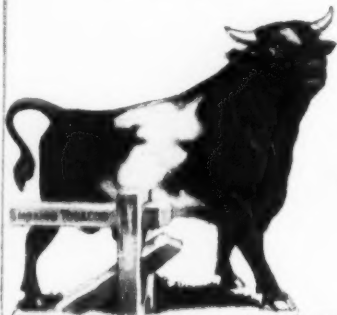
That piquant, fresh-as-the-morning flavor you get in a cigarette of "Bull" Durham tastes as cheerful and bracing as the crisp air of the hunting field. Life and spirit—vim and vigor—they're all in a smoke of "Bull" Durham!

### GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM SMOKING TOBACCO

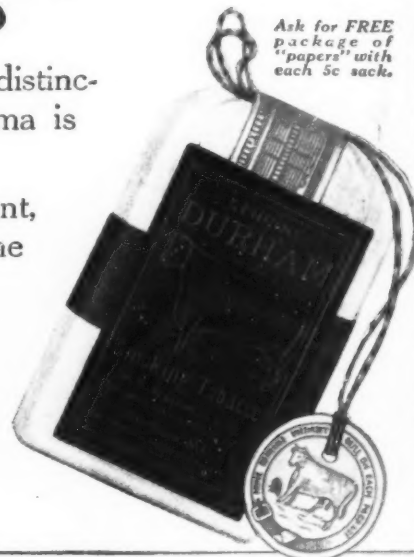
The one tobacco in the whole world with real distinctiveness in its flavor and real uniqueness in its aroma is "Bull" Durham.

Deliciously mellow-sweet and delightfully fragrant, "Bull" Durham is most wholesome—most satisfying.

"Roll your own" with "Bull" Durham and learn the joy of smoking *fresh-made* cigarettes.



THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY



Ask for FREE  
package of  
"papers" with  
each 5c sack.